



Don't



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Chapter 1 by Strawberrychan17

I heard that she'd changed. That she wasn't the girl I'd once known. That glow in her eyes wasn't there anymore.

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



When I approached her casket, I could tell that what I had been told was true and more, at least on a physical level. The funeral attendants gave me strange looks, perhaps aware on some level who I was. I wasn't here to advertise. I just wanted to see Eveline one final time.

Had things been different, maybe she wouldn't be here to begin with. But it doesn't do a man well to reflect on the ifs and buts of the world. The fact of the matter is, I decided to let her stay with that man two years ago today, and for that, I am eternally sorry.

Chapter 3 by Charles RadWhale



His name had been Mark. At least that's what we had thought.

Mark Thornton- historian and lady killer extraordinaire. Evi had fallen for him before she even saw him.

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"Oh but he is tres bien!" she would coo into their dates. His hair would be a flower he had brought her each date so

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"You're not actually French" I would tease her. She would laugh and I would smile pretending my heart didn't ache.

"non, I am not" She sighed with a flair of the dramatic.

"maybe you shouldn't see him" I said worrying my lip.

"DO you really think that?" She asked. She trusted me. She knew I had good sense when it came to people and it's true. Mark had thrown me off. His suave attitude and little compliments put me off my supper, but I couldn't be sure if that was just jealousy or not.

"No..." I said after a moment s thought "Just keep an eye out okay?"

"Of course, mon cher!" She laughed (and ruffled my perfectly mussed hair).

Two months after she started seeing him she came to me worried. Her wrists were purple and I was scared. She told me 'non non he didn't mean to hurt me' and 'don't worry'. I did though.

Three months after that they moved away and I hadn't heard from her until a few weeks ago. She wrote me a letter from somewhere up in Maine- where I am now. She had sounded tired in a way that was so un-Evi.

I knew I had to see what was wrong- her letter hadn't said much. Now here I was staring down at a stranger. A barren shell of the woman I had once loved.

Chapter 4 by The Ginger



Eveline's blown-glass skin smudged into a blur of dead color as tears leaked from my eyes.

My thoughts felt jumbled, as if they were bits of stained glass flying around inside my kaleidoscope brain. Each transparent fragment was a warped memory - beautiful, but distorted by the pain of loss.

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Peru. She was writing her dissertation on the ancient Aztecs and on each finger, she wore antique bohemian rings that were bequeathed to her by her Great-Grandmother.

I remembered the day she had shed those rings - rings that where as much a part of her as an arm or a leg.

"Au cas où" she had said, her many years studying Spanish evident with every syllable. "If Marks pops the question, I want to be, how you say, prêt. Plus, Mark says they look stupid. We don't want that, now do we, mon cher?"

The Eveline I knew was not this girl laying in front of me. She was not this girl who spoke French and spent her nights at expensive bars. She did not wear black dresses that were skin tight, or large diamond rings. And she most definitely was not dead.

Through my watercolor vision, I looked down at Evi's naked fingers, and wondered where those antique rings had gone. At least, I was wondering that, until I noticed something.

Something strange.

Tied around one of her dead fingers was a small slip of paper. It was twisted around the base of her thumb like a crumpled white corset.

I looked around, making sure that nobody was watching, and slipped the paper off her unmoving hand.

She felt like death - cold, hard, stiff. I bit my tongue in an attempt to hold back another round of tears.

As I walked away from the coffin, I rolled open the paper.

It had one word written on it:

"Remember?" What did that mean? Remember how she had smiled, the way she had adored greasy food and still remained clean? Remember the way she yelled? Remember how her hair tangled in the wind? Remember the sadness. And then I remembered her last words to me.

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"Zach, promise me you'll remember what I say." She gazed up at me, pleading silently. "Promise me that even if . . . if it doesn't work out, remember my rings." And then Matt had come to sweep her off her feet for a night of alcohol and sweet nothings. I had brushed the thought out of my mind, clearing the grieving cobwebs. And now It seemed there was some significance after all to this conversation.

Chapter 6 by Finn Moxcey



I remember the big day. When she said that she was engaged. She knew that I didn't trust him, and she said that it wasn't that serious. It would be 1 day. Then it would be 1 week. 1 month. 1 year. And when she told me, wearing her favorite long, flowy, western print dress, we both cried. The only difference is, her tears were from happiness.

Mine were not.

That night I had almost drunk myself to death. I wanted to protect her- I knew that Mark wasn't what he said he was. I just didn't know how to say that to her.

I had woken up that night in a hospital, her standing by my side. it was the second time that night that she had cried. I knew it was unfair- after all, she had gotten engaged. I should be making her feel bad today.

But I could help it.

By the time I was out of the hospital, she had moved up to Maine. She hadn't said a word to me of why, or who with, but I had a feeling that it was about Mark.

I knew that I was right 3 months later, last week, when I found her dead on the side of the road.

Chapter 7 by Catkin Meow



She hadn't looked too bad at first. Maybe got a little roughed up. Maybe even a little drunk, but not dead. Just passed out. I jumped out of my old jeep, the one we had ridden in so many times together. "Eve- Evie, what did I tell you about getting drunk by the road?" Once when we were drunk, we had almost killed ourselves rolling away from cars, giggling madly. I figured more of the same had happened. I grabbed her, meaning to cart her to my jeep. A stench hit me. "Evie? Getting a little rank there . . . " She didn't move. Only now did I realize she wasn't breathing. I

screamed. I'm not proud to admit it, but I screamed like a little girl, dialing 911, although there was nothing they could do about . . .

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And now all I can do is remember

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Chapter 8 by Vanilla



As I was drowning in the memories of her, my attention was suddenly pulled towards another figure kneeling by the coffin, holding her hand.

Mark.

I'm not muscular, but my anger could have broken his bones at that moment. It was all his fault. A little attention, a little true love, a little time was all that Evi had wanted, expected, from him. With no complaints. I hugged myself to stop thrashing him at Evi's funeral, knowing that this was not the time to cause a commotion.

Nor would Evi have wanted this.

Still, I could not stand there, helpless. I had already done that, and it was a big mistake.

I walked towards him, and grabbed the wrist that were holding Evi's cold fingers, but didn't deserve to. When he turned angrily, I saw that he had not even shed one tear.

We were still having an intense stare-off, when his phone rang and he jerked his hand back. Suddenly, his expression changed to a hopeful one, the lips curving upward, and he picked up his phone.

"Yes, yes, I have the ring. It's a pretty rare antique, so you prepare an amazing auction. No! No, I'm not bluffing, you idiot! I'm a freakin' historian! Have you even seen it? It's a proper Bohemian antique! Oh! How would your tiny mind know what's Bohemian. Tomorrow..."

It took all of my patience to stand at that moment. I remembered the rings. So, this is what Mark was. Selfish. Arrogant. Jerk.

I had lost all hate. All I felt was anger, and somewhere, pity.

Pity for Mark's soul, for failing to recognize Evi.

Eveline.

I simply take Mark's hand again, who is still on the phone but glaring at me. I look back at him, and slip the ring off his finger that was never his. I hold the ring in my hand, and then quickly walk to the coffin where I slip it on her finger.

I had wished to do this, but not like this.

When Mark came off his phone and was about to snatch the ring back, I pulled his collar, and whispered, filling it with all my anger.

"Don't"

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